

186

A
T R I P
T O
JAMAICA:
With a True
CHARACTER
O F T H E
People and Island.

By the Author of Sot's Paradise.

The Seventh Edition.



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Thomas Moore

TO THE READER.

THE Condition of an Author, is much like that of a Strumpet, both exposing our Reputations to supply our Necessities, till at last we contract such an ill habit, thro' our Practices, that we are equally troubl'd with an Itch to be always Doing; and if the Reason be requir'd, Why we betake our selves to so Scandalous a Profession as Whoring or Pamphleteering, the same excusive Answer will serve us both, viz. That the unhappy circumstances of a Narrow Fortune, hath forc'd us to do that for our Subsistence, which we are much asham'd of.

The chiefest and most commendable Talent, admir'd in either, is the knack of Pleasing; and He or She amongst us that happily arrives to a Perfection in that sort of Witchcraft, may in a little time (to their great Honour) enjoy the Pleasure of being Celebrated by all the Coxcombs in the Nation.

The only difference between us is, in this particular, wherein the Jilt has the Advantage, We do our Business First, and stand to the Courtesie of our Benefactors to Reward us After; whilst the other, for her Security, makes her Rider pay for his Journey, before he mounts the Saddle.

It

To the Reader.

It is necessary I should say something in relation to the following Matter: I do not therein present you with a formal Journal of my Voyage, or Geographical Description of the Island of Jamaica, for that has been already done by Persons better qualifi'd for such a Task. I only Entertain you with what I intend for your Diversion, not Instruction; Digested into such a Stile as might move your Laughter, not merit your Esteem. I question not but the Jamaica Coffee-House will be much affronted at my Character of their Sweating Chaos, and if I was but as well assur'd of Pleasing every body else, as I am of Displeasing those who have an Interest in that Country, I should not question but the Printer would gain his End, which are the Wisbes of the Author.

A
T R I P
T O
J A M A I C A :



N the times of *Adversity* when *Poverty* was held no *Shame*, and *Piety* no *Virtue* ; When *Honesty* in a Tradesman's Conscience, and *Money* in his Counting-House, were as scarce as *Health* in an Hospital, or *Charity* in a Clergyman. The *Sword* being advanc'd, and the *Pen* silenc'd ; *Printers* being too Poor to Pay down *Copy-Money*, and *Authors* too Poor to Trust 'em : *Fools* getting more by hazarding their *Carcasses*, than *Ingenious Men* by imploying their *Wits* ; which was well enough observed by a Gentleman, in these following Lines :

*When Pens were vala'd less than Swords,
And Blows got Money more than Words
When Am'rous Beaux and Campaign Bully,
Thriv'd by their Fighting and their Folly ;
Whilst Men of Parts, as Poor as Rats,
With Mourning Swords and Flapping Hats,
Appear by Night like Owles and Bats :
With Hungry hast pursuing way,
To Sir John Lend, or 'Squire Pay.
Till Wit in Rags and Fool in Feather,
Were join'd by Providence together.
The one o'er Bottle breaks his Jest,
Like Country Parson at a Feast ;
For which he's Treated and Exalted,
By his Dear Friend Sir Looby Dolthead.
Unhappy Age, which so in Vice surpasses,
That Men of Worth must Worship Golden Asses.*

I being influenc'd by my Stars, with an unhappy propensity to the Conversation of those unlucky kind of *Fortune-Hunters*, till at last, tho' I had no more Wit to boast of than another Man,
B yet

yet I shar'd the Fate of those that had; and to bear them Company, straglad so far from the Paths of *Profit* and *Preferment*, into a Wilderness of *Pleasure* and *Enjoyment*, that I had like to have been stuck fast in a Thicket of Brambles, before I knew whereabouts I was; to clear my Self of which, I bustled like a *Fox* in a *Gin*, or a *Hare* in a *Partridge Net*: But before I could free my self from this Entanglement, I had so wounded my Feet, and stuck so many Thorns in my Side, that I halted homewards like a *Gouty Puritan* to an *Election*, or a *Lame Beggar* to a *Misers Funeral*.

These little Afflictions mov'd me to reflect upon my Mis-spent Time; and like a *Thief* in a *Goal*, or a *Whore* in a *Flux*, I Resolv'd for the future to Reform my Life, change my Measures, and push my self upon something that might recover those lost Moments I had hitherto converted to the use of others, and not my self. I now began to peep into the *Business* of the World, and chang'd the Company of those who had nothing to do but *Spend Money*, for the Conversation of such whose practice was to *Get it*.

But I, thro' inadvertency, neglecting to consult *Doctor Trotter*, or some other infallible Predicting Wisaker, began my Reformation in an Unfortunate Minute, when *Usurers* were unbinding their Fetter'd Trunks and breaking up their *Deified Bags* and *Consecrated Sums*, for the Security of *Religion*, and the further establishment of *Liberty of Conscience*, without which [*Liberty*] join'd, *Conscience* to them would be of no use. *Tradesmen* Grumbling at the *Taxes*, *Merchants* at their *Losses*, most Men complaining for want of *Business*, and all Men in *Business*, for want of *Money*: Every Man upon *Change* looking with as peevish a Countenance, as if he had unluckily stumbled upon his *Wifes Failings*, and unhappily become a Witness to his own *Cuckoldome*. These I thought but slender Encouragements to a *New Reformist*, who had forsaken *Liberty* for *Restraint*, *Ease* for *Trouble*, *Laziness* for *Industry*, *Wine* for *Coffee*, and the *Pleasures* of *Witty Conversation*, for the *Plagues* of a *Muddy-Brain'd Society*, who could talk of nothing but *Prime Cost* and *Profit*, the *Good Humour* of their *Wives*, the *Wittiness* of their *Children*, and the *Unluckiness* of their *Prentices*; and knew no more how *Handsomely* to Spend their Money, than *Honestly* to Get it.

The Complaints of these *Philodenarians*, the Declination of *Trade*, and the Scarcity of *Money*, gave me no more hopes of mending my Condition, by pursuing my intend measures, than a *Good Husband* has of mending a *Bad Wife* by winking at her *Vices*. I now found my self in great danger of a Relapse, to prevent which, after two or three Gallons of *Derby-Ale* had one day sent my *Wits* a *Wooll-gathering*, and generated as many *Maggots* in my *Brains*, as there are *Crotchets* in the Head of a *Musician*, or *Fools* in the *Million Lottery*, I e'en took up a Resolution to Travel, and Court the Blinking Gipsy Fortune in another Country. I then began to Consider what Climate might best suit with my *Constitution*, and what Part of the World with my *Circumstances*; and upon mature Deliberation, found a *Warm Latitude* would best agree with *Thin Apparel*, and a *Money'd Country* with a *Narrow Fortune*; and having often heard such extravagant Encumiums of that Blessed Paradise, *Jamaica*, where *Gold* is more plentiful

ful than *Ice*, *Silver* than *Snow*, *Pearle* than *Hailstones*, I at last determin'd to make a trial of my Stars in that *Island*, and see whether they had the same Unlucky Influence upon me there, as they had, hitherto, in the Land of my Nativity.

In order to proceed my *Voyage*, I took a Passage in the good Ship the *Andalucia*; and about the latter end of *January*, 1697. upon the dissolution of the hard Frost, I passed, with many others, by the Night Tide, in a *Wherry* to *Gravesend*, where our *Floating Receptacle* lay ready to take in *Goods* and *Passengers*; but our Lady *Thames* being put into a *Passion*, by the rude Kisses of an *Easterly Wind*, drew her Smooth Face into so many Wrinkles, that her ill-favour'd Aspect and Murmurings, were to me as Terrible as the Noise of *Thieves* to a *Miser*, or *Bailiffs* to a *Bankrupt*; and being pent up with my Limbs, in an awkward Posture, lying Heads and Tails, like *Essex Calves* in a *Rumford Waggon*, I was forc'd to endure the Insolence of every Wave, till I was become as Wet as a New Pump'd *Kidnapper*.

In this Condition I Embark'd about two a Clock in the Morning, where the chief Mate, as Master of the Ceremonies, conducted me to a wellcome Collation of *Cheese* and *Bisket*, and presented me with a Magnificent *Can* of Sovereign *Flip*, prepar'd with as much Art as an *Apothecary* can well shew in the mixing of a *Cordial*. After this Refreshment, I betook my self to a *Cabin*, which fitted me so well, it sat as tite as a *Jacket* to a *Dutchman*, where I Slept till Morning, as close as a *Snail* in a *Shell*, or a *Maggot* in an *Apple-Kernel*. Then Rising, and after I had survey'd our Wooden Territories, I began to Contemplate upon things worthy of a serious Consideration, which stir'd up in me that Malignant Spirit of *Poetry*, with which I am oft times unhappily possess'd: And what my *Muse* dictated to me, her *Emanuensis*, I here present unto the Reader.

A Farewell to ENGLAND.

I.

Farewell my Country, and my Friends,
My Mistress, and my Muse;
In distant Regions, diff'rent Ends
My Genius now pursues.
Those Blessings which I held most dear,
Are, by my stubborn Destiny,
(That uncontroul'd Necessity)
Abandon'd from me, and no more appear.

II.

Despair of Fortune makes me bold,
I can in Tempests Sleep,
And fearless of my Fate, behold
The Dangers of the Deep.
No Covetous desire of Life,
Can now my Careless Thoughts employ,
Banish'd from Friendship, Love, and Joy,
To view the Waves and Winds at equal Strife.

Or'e

III.

O'er threatning Billows can I fly,
 And, unconcern'd, conceive,
 'Tis here less difficult to Die,
 Than 'twas on Land to Live.
 To me 'tis equal, Swim or Sink,
 I smiling to my Fate can bow,
 Bereft of Joy, I think it now
 No more to Drown, than 'twas before to Drink.

IV.

Dear Friends with Patience bear the Load
 Of oubles, still to come,
 You Pitty us who range Abroad,
 We Pitty you at Home.
 Let no Oppression, Fears, or Cares,
 Make us our Loyalty Disband,
 Which like a well built Arch, should stand
 The more secure, the greater Weight it bears.

V.

Farewell Applause, that vain Delight
 The Witty fondly seek;
 He's Blest who like a Dunce may Write,
 Or like a Fool may Speak:
 What ever Praise we gain to day,
 Whether deservedly or no,
 We to the Worlds Opinion owe,
 Who does as oft Miss-take the same away.

VI.

Something there is, which touches near,
 I scarce can bid Adieu;
 'Tis all my Hope, my Care, my Fear,
 And all that I pursue:
 'Tis what I Love, yet what I Fly;
 But what I dare not, must not Name;
 Angels Protect the Sacred Frame,
 Till I to England shall Return, or Die.

Towards the Evening the Captain came on Board, with the rest of our Fellow-Travellers, who, when we were altogether, patch'd up as pretty a Society, as a Man under my Circumstances would desire to tumble into: There was three of the *Troublesome Sex*, as some call them, (tho' I never thought 'em so) whose Curteous Affability, and Complaisancy of Temper, admitted of no other Emulation, but to strive who (within the bounds of Modesty) should be most Obliging. One *Unfortunate Lady* was in pursuit of a *Stray'd Husband*, who, in *Jamaica*, had Feloniously taken to
 Wife

Wife (for the sake of a Plantation) a *Lacker-Fac'd Creolean*, to the great dissatisfaction of his Original Spouse, who had often declar'd (thro' the sweetness of her Disposition) That if he had Marry'd another Handsomer than her self, it would never have Vex'd her; but to be Rival'd by a *Gipsy*, a Tawny Fac'd *Moletto* Strumpet, a Pumpkin colour'd Whore; no, her Honour would not suffer her to bear with Patience so coroding an Indignity. The other two were a pretty *Maid*, and a comely *Widow*; so that in these three, we had every Honourable State of the whole Sex: One in the *State of Innocency*, another of *Fruition*, the third of *Deprivation*; and if we'd had but one in the *State of Corruption*, a Man might have pleas'd himself as well in our *Little World*, as you *Libertines* can do in the *Great One*.

I shall be too tedious if I at large Particularize the whole Company, I shall therefore *Hustle* them together, as a *Morefields Sweetener* does *Luck in a Bag*, and then you may Wink and Choose, for the Devil a Barrel the better Herring amongst us. We had one (as I told you before *Cherubimical Lads*, who, I fear, had *Lost her self*, two more, of the same Gender, who had lost their *Husbands*; two *Parsons*, who had lost their *Livings*; three *Broken Tradesmen*, who had lost their *Credit*; and several, like me, that had lost their *Wits*; a *Creolean Captain*, a *Superannuated Mariner*, an *Independant Merchant*, an *Irish Kidnapper*, and a *Monmothean Sythes-Man*, all going with one Design, to patch up their *Decay'd Fortunes*.

Every thing being in Order for *Sailing*, the *Pilot* came on *Board*, who put on such a commanding Countenance, that he look'd as Stern as a *Sarazens Head*; and the *Sins* of his *Youth* having crep't into his *Pedestals*, he Limp'd about the *Quarter-Deck*, like a *Cripple* in *Forma Pauperis* upon a *Mountebanks Stage*, making as great a Noise in his *Tarpaulin Cant*, as a *Young Counsel* in a *Bad Cause*, or a *Butcher* at a *Bear-Garden*. As soon as we had weigh'd *Anchor*, under the doleful Cry and hard Service of *Haul Cat haul*, there was nothing heard till we reach'd the *Downs*, but *About Ship my Lads, bring your Fore Tack on Board, haul Fore-Sail haul, Brace about the Main-Tard*, and the Devil to do; that I was more Amaz'd than a *Mouse* at a *Throsters Mill*, or the *Russian Ambassador* at a *Clap of Thunder*.

By the help of *Providence*, the *Pilots Care*, and *Seamens Industry*, we pass'd safe to *Deal*, where we Anchor'd three or four Days for a fair Wind. In which interim, the *Prince* of the *Air* had puff'd up an unwelcome Blast in the Night, which forc'd a Vessel upon the *Goodwin*. The next Morning the *Salvages* Man'd out a Fleet of their *Deal Skimming-dishes*, and made such unmerciful work with the poor distressed *Bark*, that a *Gang* of *Bailiffs* with an *Execution*, or a *Kennel* of *Hounds* upon a *Dead Horse*, could not have appear'd more *Ravenous*. From thence, with a prosperous Gale, we made the best of our way into the wide *Ocean*, which *Mariners* say, is of such Profundity, that, like a *Misers Conscience*, or a *Womans Concupiscence* 'tis never to be Fathom'd.

'Twas in the midst of Winter, and very Cold Weather when we set out; but in a Fortnights time we were got into a comfortable Climat, which yielded us so pleasant a warmth, that a Man might pluck off his Shirt upon Deck, and commit *Murther* upon his own

Flesh and Blood till he was weary, without the danger of an Ague.

I happen'd one Morning to hear two *Tar-jackets* in a very high Dispute; I went to them, and ask'd the reason of their Difference. *Why, Sir,* says one, *I'll tell you, there was my Master Whistlebooby, an old Boatswain in one of his Majesties Ships, who was Superhanded, and past his Labour, and the Ambaraltie Divorc'd him from his Ship, and the King allow'd him a Suspension, and this Lubberly Whelp here says I talk like a Fool; and sure I have not used the Sea this Thirty Years but I can Argue any thing as proper as he can.*

The chief Sports we had on Board, to pass away the tedious Hours, were *Hob, Spie the Marker, Shove the Slipper, Dilly-Dally,* and *Back-Gammon*; the latter of which prov'd as serviceable to me, as a *Book of Heraldry* to a *Gentleman Mumper*, or a *Pass* to a *Penniless Vagabond*. For (like the *Whore* who boasted of her *Industry*) I us'd to make my Days Labour worth *Two Shillings*, or *Half a Crown*, at *Two Pence* or a *Groat* a Bout. The most Powerful Adversary I engag'd with, was a *Parson*, who, when the Bell Rung to Prayers, would start up in the middle of a Hit, desire my Patience whilst he step'd into the *Great Cabin*, and gave his Sinful Congregation a *Dram* of Evangelical Comfort, and he would wait upon me presently. But that *Recreation* in which we took a more peculiar delight, was the Harmony we made, by the assistance of the two *Heaven-drivers*, in Lyricking over some *Antiquated Sonnets*, and for varieties sake now and then a *Psalms*, which our Canonical *Vice-Whippers* Sung with as Penitential a grace, as a Sorrowful Offender in his *Last Night-Cap*.

To please my self at a Spare-Hour, I had taken with me a *Flute*, and there being on Board a *Spaniel-Dog*, who (*Seaman-like*) had no great kindness for *Wind Musick*, for when ever he heard me *Tooting*, he'd be *Howling*, which, together made a Noise so surprising, that it frighted away a *Quotidian Ague*, from a Young Fellow who had been three Weeks under the Hands of our Doctor.

One Night after we had well Moist'n'd our Drouthy Carcasses with an Exhilarating Dose of Right Honourable *Punch*, there arose a *Storm*, for which I had often wish'd, that I might not be a stranger to to any Surprising Accident the Angry Elements, when at Variance, might afford me. The Heavens all round us (in as little time as a *Girl* might lose her *Maidenhead*) had put on such a Malignant Aspect, as if it threaten'd our Destruction; And *Æolus* gave us such unmerciful Puffs and Whiffs, that I was fearful to stand upon the *Quarter-Deck*, lest before my Time I should be snatch'd up to Heaven in a Whirl-Wind. From all the Corners of the Sky there darted forth such Beams of *Lightning*, that I Vow and Protest the *Fire-Works* in *St. James's-Square*, were no more to be compar'd to't, than a *Glowworms Arse* to a *Cotton Candle*, which were instantly succeeded with such Volly's of *Thunder*, from every side, that you would have thought the *Clouds* had been fortifi'd with *Whole Cannon*, and weary of being tost about with every Wind, were Fighting their way into a Calmer Region to enjoy their Rest. Then fell such an excessive *Rain*, that as we had one Sea under us, we fear'd another had been tumbling upon our Heads; for my part, I fear'd the very *Falling* of the Sky, and thought of nothing but *Catching* of *Larks*. My Spirits being a little déprest, by the appre-

apprehensions of the Danger we were under, I went down into the *Gun-room*, to consult my *Brandy-Cask* about taking of a *Dram*; where one of our *Ladies*, thro' want of better Accommodation, was forc'd to be Content with a *Cradle*, in which she was *Praying* with as much Sincerity for *Fair Weather*, as a *Farmer* for a *Kind Harvest*, or an *Old Maid* for a *Good Husband*: And I being greatly pleas'd at her most Importunate Solicitations, have given you a Repetition of one part, viz. *And if Thou hast Decreed, that we shall Perish in this Tempest, I most humbly beseech Thee to Punish with Pox, Barrenness, and Dry-Belly-Ach, that Adultrous Strumpet, who, by Robbing me of my Husband, hath been a means of bringing me to this untimely End; may her whole Life be a continued course of Sin without a Moments Repentance, that she may Die without Forgiveness, and be Damn'd without Mercy.* In which Interim a Sea wash'd over our *Fore-Castle*, run *Aft*, and came down the *Whip-scuttle*; she concluding we were going to the Bottom, Shreek'd out, and fell into a *Fit*; whilst I, thro' my *Fear*, together with my *Modesty*, scorn'd to take the Advantage of so fair an Opportunity.

In a doubtful Condition, between this World and the next, we labour'd till near Morning, about which time the Storm abated: But aa soon as Day-light appear'd, and the Serenity of the Weather had turn'd our Frightful Apprehensions into a little Alacrity, some of the Men, from Aloft, espi'd a Sail bearing after us with all Expedition; and being no great distance from the Coast of *Sally*, a jealousy arose amongst our Officers, of her being a Man of War belonging to that Country, they having upon the Conclusion of the late Peace with *France*, Proclaim'd a War with *England*; so that we thought our selves now in as great Danger of being knock'd on the Head, or made Slaves, as we were before of being Drown'd. This Alarm kindled up amongst us new fears of approaching Danger, more Terrible than the former we had so happily surviv'd.

Command was given by our Captain, to prepare for a Fight; down Chests, up Hammocks, bring the small Arms upon the Quarter-Deck, and every Man directed to his Post, by orders fix'd upon the *Mizzen-mast* in the *Steerage*; the *Bulkhead* and *Cabins* knock'd down, the *Deck* clear'd *Fore* and *Aft*, for every Man to have free access to his Business. When all things were in a readiness to receive an Enemy, I took a walk on purpose to look about me, and was so animated with the Seamens Activity and Industry, together with the smell of Sweat, Match, and Gun-powder, that like 'Squire *Witherington* in *Chivy Chase*, I could have Fought upon my Stumps. By this time our suppos'd Enemy was almost come up with us, under *English* Colours, but his keeping close upon our *Quarter*, and not bearing off, gave us still reason to mistrust him; but seeing him a small Ship, and ours a Vessel of 400 Tuns, 28 Guns, and about 50 Men, we Furl'd our *Main Sail* with all our Hands at once, as a Stratagem to seem well Man'd; put our *Top-Sails* aback, and lay by, to let 'em see we were no more *Afraid than Hurt*. We had on Board an *Irish-man* going over a *Servant*, who I suppose was *Kjanap'd*; I observ'd this Fellow, being quarter'd at a Gun, look'd as pale as a *Pick-Pocket* new taken: I ask'd him why he put on such a Cowardly look; and told him 'twas a shame for a Man to shew so much Fear
in

in his Countenance. *Indeed Sir (said he) I cannot halp it, I love the bate of a Drum, the Pop of a Pistol, or the Bounce of a Musket well enough, but by my Shoul, the Roaring of a Great Gun always makesh me start.* I ask'd him whose Servant he was. *By my Fait, said he, I cannot tell; I wash upon Change looking for a good Mashter, and a brave Gentleman came to me and ask'd me who I wash; and I told him I was myn nown shelf, and he gave me some good Wine and good Ale, and brought me on Board, and I have not sheen him sinch.* By this time our Adversary was come within hearing, and upon our Hailing of him, prov'd a little Ship bound to *Guinea*, which put an end to our Fears, and made us fly to the *Punch-Bowl* with as much Joy as the *Mob* to a *Bonfire* upon a *States Holyday*.

After we had chas'd away the remembrance of our past Dangers, with a reviving Draught of our Infallible Elixir, we began to be Merry as so many *Beggars* (and indeed were before as *Poor*) beginning to turn that into Ridicule, which so lately had chang'd our Jollitry into Fear and Sadness. When we had thus refresh'd our Bodies, and strengthen'd our Spirits, by passing round a Health to our noble Selves, &c. 'twas thought high time by our Reverend Pastors, to return Thanks for our great Deliverance from the Hands of our Enemies, tho' we had none near us, which was accordingly perform'd with all the Solemnity a parcel of *Merry Juvenal Wags* could compose themselves to observe.

By this time we were got into so warm a Latitude, that (God be thanked) a *Louse* would not live in it. We now began to thin our Dress, and, had not Decency forbid it, could have gladly gone Naked as our first Parents. Kissing here grew out of Fashion; there's no joyning of Lips, but your Noses would drop Sweat into your Mouths. The Sea, and other Elements, began now to Entertain us with Curiosities in Nature worth observing, as *Crampos, Sharks, Porpus, Flying-Fish, Albacores Bonettas, Dolphin, Bottlenoses, Turtle, Blubber, Stingrays, Sea-Adders*, and the Devil and all of *Monsters* without Names, and some without Shape. As for Birds, *Noddys, Boobies, Shear-waters, Shags, Pitternels, Men of War, Tropick Birds, Pellicans, &c.* I shall not undertake here to describe these Creatures, because some of them are so Frightfully Ugly, that if any Friends Wife with Child should long for the Reading of my Book, it should chance to make her Miscarry. But that which I thought most worthy of Observation, were the *Clouds*, whose various Forms, and Beautious Colours, were Inimitable by the Pencil of the greatest Artist in the Universe, *Cities, Palaces, Groves, Fields, and Gardens; Monuments, Castles, Armies, Bulls, Bears, and Dragons. &c.* as if the Air above us had been Frozen into a *Looking-Glass*, and shew'd us by Reflection, all the Rarities in Nature.

By this time we had gain'd the Tropick, and come into a Trade-Wind; the greatest of our Fears being now a Calm, which is fine Weather to please fearful Tempers; but it brings us more in danger of being *Starv'd*, than a *Storm* does of being *Drown'd*: Tho' it was our Fortune in a few Days after, to make the *Leward-Islands*, and put us past the dread of so terrible a *Catastrophe*, those we pass'd in sight of were, *Descado*, a rare place for a Bird-Catcher to be Governour of,
Birds

Birds being the only Creatures by which 'tis inhabited; *Montferat*, *Antego*, *Mervis*, possess'd by the *English*; *St. Christophers*, by half *English* half *French*; *Rodunda*, an uninhabitable high Rock. From amongst these *Caribbe* Islands, in a few days, we got to *Hispaniola*, without any thing remarkable; and from thence in 24 Hours, with a fresh Gale, within sight of *Jamaica*, which (without Malice or Partiality) I shall proceed to give you some Account of.

A Character of JAMAICA.

THE Dunghill of the Universe, the Refuse of the whole Creation, the Clippings of the Elements, a shapeless Pile of Rubbish confus'dly jumbld into an Emblem of the *Chaos*, neglected by Omnipotence when he form'd the World into its admirable Order. The Nursery of Heavens Judgments, where the Malignant Seeds of all Pestilence were first gather'd and scatter'd thro' the Regions of the Earth, to Punish Mankind for their Offences. The Place where *Pandora* fill'd her Box, where *Vulcan* Forg'd *Joves* Thunder-bolts, and that *Phaeton*, by his rash misguidance of the Sun, scorched into a Cinder. The Receptacle of Vagabonds, the Sanctuary of Bankrupts, and a Close-stool for the Purges of our Prisons. As Sickly as an Hospital, as Dangerous as the Plague, as Hot as Hell, and as Wicked as the Devil. Subject to Turnadoes, Hurricanes and Earthquakes, as if the Island, like the People, were troubled with the *Dry Belly-Ach*.

Of their Provisions.

THE chieftest of their Provisions is *Sea-Turtle*, or *Toad in a shell*, stew'd in its own Gravy; its lean is as White as a Green-sickness Girl, its Fat of a Calves-turd Colour; and is excellently good to put a Stranger into a Flux, and purge out part of those ill-humours it infallibly Creates. The Belly is call'd *Callipee*, the Back *Callipach*; and is serv'd up to the Table in its own Shell, instead of a Platter. They have *Guanas*, *Hickeries*, and *Crabs*; the first being an Amphibeous *Serpent*, shap'd like a *Lizard*, but black and larger; the second a *Land-Tortise*, the last needs no Description, but are as numerous as *Frogs* in *England*, and burrow in the Ground like *Rabbits*, so that the whole *Island* may be justly call'd, a *Crab-Warren*. They are Fattest near the *Pallasadoes*, where they will make a Skeleton of a Corps in as little time as a *Tanner* will Flea a Colt, or a *Hound* after Hunting devour a Shoulder of *Mutton*. They have *Beef* without Fat, Lean *Mutton* without Gravy, and *Fowles* as dry as the Udder of an Old Woman, and as tough as a Stake from the Haunches of a Superannuated *Car-Horse*.

Milk is so plenty, you may buy it for Fifteen Pence a Quart; but Cream so very scarce, that a Firkin of Butter, of their own making, would be so costly a Jewel, that the Richest Man in the Island would be unable to purchase it. They value themselves greatly upon the sweetness of their Pork, which is indeed Lushious, but as flabby as the Flesh of one just risen from a Flux, and ought to be forbid in all

hot Countries (as amongst the *Jews*) for the prevention of *Leprosie*, *Scurvy*, and other Distempers, of which it is a great occasion.

There is very little *Veal*, and that *Lean*; for in *England* you may Nurse four Children much cheaper than you can one Calf in *Jamaica*. They have course *Teal*, almost as big as *English Ducks*; and *Muscovy Ducks* as big as *Geese*; But as for their *Geese*, they may be all *Swans*, for I never saw one in the Island.

There are sundry sorts of *Fish*, under *Indian Names*, without Scales, and of a *Serpentine Complexion*; they Eat as dry as a *Shad*, and much stronger than stale *Herrings* or *Old Ling*; with Oyl'd *Butter* to the Sauce, as Rank as *Goose-Grease*, improv'd with the Palatable Relish of a stinking *Anchovie*.

They make a rare *Soop* they call *Pepper-Pot*; its an excellent Breakfast for a *Salamander*, or a good preparative for a *Mountebanks Agent*, who Eats Fire one day, that he may get better Victuals the next. Three Spoonfuls so Inflam'd my Mouth, that had I devour'd a Peck of *Horse-Radish*, and Drank after it a Gallon of *Brandy* and *Gunpowder*, (*Dives* like) I could not have been more importunate for a Drop of Water to cool my Tongue.

They greatly abound in a Beautiful Fruit, call'd, a *Cussue*, not unlike an *Apple*, but longer; its soft and very Juicy, but so great an Acid, and of a Nature so Restricting, that by Eating of one, it drew up my mouth like a *Hens Fundament*, and made my Palate as Rough, and Tongue as Sore, as if I had been Gargling it with *Allom-Water*: From whence I conjecture, they are a much fitter Fruit to recover *Lost Maiden-heads*, properly apply'd, than to be Eaten. Of *Water-Mellons* and *Mus-Mellons* they have plenty; the former is of as cold a quality as a *Cucumber*, and will dissolve in your Mouth like Ice in a hot *Frying-Pan*, being as Pleasant to the Eater (and, I believe, as *Wholesome*) as a Cup of *Rock-Water* to a Man in a *Hectick Feavour*: The latter are Large and Lushious, but much too watery to be good.

Coco-Nuts, and *Physick-Nuts* are in great esteem amongst the Inhabitants; the former they reckon *Meat*, *Drink*, and *Cloth*, but the Eatable part is secur'd within so strong a Magazine, that it requires a lusty *Carpenter*, well Arm'd with *Ax* and *Handsaw*, to hew a passage to the *Kernel*, and when he has done, it will not recompence his Labour. The latter is big as a *Filbert*, but (like a *Beautiful Woman* well Drest, and *Infectious*) if you venture to Taste, is of ill consequence: Their Shell is Black, and *Japan'd* by Nature, exceeding Art; the Kernel White, and extream Pleasant to the Palat, but of so powerful an Operation, that by taking two, my Guts were Swept as clean, as ever *Tom-T--d-man* made a *Vault*, or any of the *Black Fraternity* a *Chimney*.

They have *Oranges*, *Lemons*, *Limes*, and several other Fruits, as *Sharp* and *Crabbed* as themselves, not given them as a *Blessing*, but a *Curse*; for Eating so many sower things, Generates a *Corroding Slime* in the Bowels, and is one great occasion of that Fatal and Intolerable Distemper, *The Dry Belly Ach*; which in a Fortnight, or Three Weeks, takes away the use of their Limbs, that they are forc'd to be led about by *Negro's*. A Man under this Misery, may be said to be the *'Scutchion* of the *Island*, the Completion of the Patient being the

the *Field*, bearing *Or*, charg'd with all the Emblems of Destruction, proper; supported by *Two Devils*, *Sables*; and *Death* the *Crest Argent*. Many other Fruits there are, that are neither worth Eating, Naming, or Describing: Some that are never Tasted but in a *Drouth*, and others in a *Famine*.

Of Port-Royal.

IT is an Island distinct from the Main of *Jamaica*, tho' before the *Earthquake*, it joyn'd by a Neck of Land to the *Palisados*, but was separated by the Violence of an Inundation (thro' God's Mercy) to prevent the Wickedness of their Metropolis diffusing it self, by Communication, over all the Parts of the Country, and so call that Judgment upon the Whole, which fell more particularly upon the Sinfulest part.

From a Spacious fine Built Town (according to Report) it is now reduc'd, by the Encroachments of the Sea, to a little above a quarter of a Mile in Length, and about half so much the Breadth, having so few remains left of its former splendour, I could think no otherwise, but that every Travellour who had given its Description, made large use of his *License*. The Houses are low, little, and irregular; and if I compare the Best of their Streets in *Port-Royal*, to the Fag-End of *Kent-street*, where the *Broom-Men* Live, I do them more than Justice.

About Ten a Clock in the Morning, their Nostrils are saluted with a *Land Breeze*, which Blowing o'er the Island, searches the Bowels of the Mountains, (being always crack'd and full of Vents, by reason of excessive Heat) bringing along with it such *Sulphurous Vapours*, that I have fear'd the whole Island would have burst out into a Flaming *Aetna*, or have stifled us with Suffocating Fumes, like that of melted Mineral and Brimstone.

In the Afternoon, about Four a Clock, they might have the refreshment of a *Sea-Breeze*, but suffering the *Negroes* to carry all their *Nastiness* to *Windward* of the Town, that the *Nauseous Effluvias* which arise from their stinking Dunghills, are blown in upon them; thus what they might enjoy as a Blessing, they Ingratefully pervert by their own ill Management.

They have a Church, 'tis true, but built rather like a *Market-House*; and when the *Flock* were in their *Pews* and the *Pastor* Exalted to over-look his *Sheep*, I took a Survey round me, and saw more variety of *Scare-Crows* than ever was seen at the Feast of *Ugly-Faces*.

Every thing is very Dear, and an Ingenious or an Honest Man may meet with this Encouragement; To spend a Hundred Pounds before he shall get a Penny. *Madera-Wine* and *Bottle-Beer* are Fifteen Pence the Bottle; nasty *Claret*, Half a Crown; *Rhennish*, Five Shillings; and their best *Canary*, Ten Bits, or Six and Three Pence. They have this Pleasure in Drinking, That what they put into their Bellies, they may soon stroak out of their Fingers Ends; for instead of *Exonerating*, they *Fart*; and *Sweat* instead of *Pissing*.

Of

Of the P E O P L E.

THE generality of the Men look as if they had just knock'd off their Fetters, and by an unexpected Providence, escap'd the danger of a near Misfortune; the dread of which, hath imprinted that in their Looks, which they can no more alter than an *Ethiopian* can his Colour.

They are all *Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, and Ensigns*; the two last being held in such disdain, that they are look'd upon as a *Bungling Diver* amongst a Gang of *Expert Pick-Pockets*; *Pride* being their *Greatness*, and *Impudence* their *Virtue*.

They regard nothing but Money, and value not how they get it; there being no other Felicity to be enjoy'd but purely Riches. They are very Civil to Strangers who bring over considerable Effects; and will try a great many ways to Kill him fairly, for the Lucre of his Cargo: And many have been made Rich by such Windfalls.

A Broken *Apothecary* will make there a Topping *Physician*; a *Barbers Prentice*, a good *Surgeon*; a *Bailiffs Follower*, a passable *Lawyer*: and an *English Knave*, a very *Honest Fellow*.

They have so great a veneration for Religion, That *Bibles* and *Common-Prayer-Books* are as good a Commodity amongst them, as *Muffs* and *Warming-Pans*.

A little Reputation among the *Women*, goes a great way; and if their Actions be answerable to their Looks, they may vie *Wickedness* with the Devil: An *Impudent Air*, being the only *Charms* of their *Countenance*, and a *Lewd Carriage*, the *Study'd Grace* of their *Deportment*. They are such who have been *Scandalous* in *England* to the utmost degree, either *Transported* by the State, or led by their *Vicious Inclinations*; where they may be *Wicked* without *Shame*, and *Whore* on without *Punishment*.

They are Stigmatiz'd with *Nick-Names*, which they bear, not with *Patience* only, but with *Pride*; as *Unconscionable Nan*, *Salt-Beef Peg*, *Buttock-de-Clink Jenny*, &c. *Swearing*, *Drinking*, and *Obscene Talk*, are the Principal Qualifications that render them acceptable to *Male Conversation*; and she that wants a perfection in these admirable acquirements, shall be as much Ridicul'd for her *Modesty*, as a *Plain-Dealing Man* amongst a Gang of *Knaves*, for his *Honesty*.

In short, *Virtue* is so Despis'd, and all sorts of *Vice* Encourag'd by both Sexes, that the Town of *Port-Royal* is the very *Sodom* of the Universe.

F I N I S.

